

ADVICE

To Young Lasses

43. 10. 14. 69.

O mither mither ony body,
Ony body, ony body,
O mither mither ony body,
But a cresslie weaver;
A weaver's just as good as nane,
A creature worn to skin and bane,
I would rather lie through life my lane,
Than cuddle wi' a weaver.

The lassie thought to get a laird,
But ne'er a aye about her car'd,
For nane her price had ever spar'd,
Excepting while's a weaver,
But hient a weaver wad she tak,
But a' that cam' she sent them back,
And bann'd them for a useless pack,
Tae come nae mair to deave her.

Their sown crooks and rantling gear,
This trash o' pirns she coudna bear,
And aye the ither gibe and sneer,
She cast at ilka weaver;
But sair she rew'd her pridefu' scorn,
E'er thirty nicks had carved her horn,
For down she had to sit forlorn,
In solitude to grieve her.

She gaed to kirk she gaed to fair,
She spread her lure she set her sn
But ne'er a chief she met wi' the
Frae leading apes wad save her,
At last into the barn she gaed,
And ilka e'enning daily pray'd,
That some one might come till her aid,
And frae her wants relieve her.

And thus the lassie's prayer ran,
O send thy servant some bit man,
Before her cheeks turn bleech'd and wan,
And a' her beauty leave her,
A weaver lad wha nane had woo'd,
But cam nne speed do what he could,
I thought that her pride might be subdu'd,
And that he yet might have her.

He watched when to the barn she gaed,
And while her bit request she made,
In solemn hollow tone he said,
Lass will ye tak a weaver,
Thy will be done I'll be content,
Just ony body e'er I want,
I'll e'en be thankfu' if thou grant,
That I may get a weaver.

The weaver he cam yont next day,
He sought her hand she ne'er said nay,
But thought it time to mak her hay,
Sae jumpet at the weaver,
Now ye wha's beauty's on the wane,
Just by the barn at e'en your lane,
Sma' fish is better far than nane,
Ye'll may be catch a weaver.